

Luke Huttons Lamentation : which he wrote the day before his death, being
condemned to be hanged at Yorke for his robberies and trespasses committed
there-about. To the tune of Wandering and Wavering.



I Am a poore prisoner condemned to die,
ah woe is me, woe is me for my great folly :
Fast fettered in irons in place where I lie :
be warned young wantons hemy passeth græen Woly.
My parents were of good degree,
By whom I would not ruled be,
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive O sweet Saviour, my spirit unto thee.
My name is Hutton, yea Luke, of bad life :
ah woe is me, &c.
Which on the high-way did rob span and wile,
be warned, &c.
Intic'd by many a gracelesse mate,
Whose counsell I repent too late,
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me, &c.
Not twenty yeres old (alas) was I
ah woe is me, &c.
When I began this felony :
be warned &c.
With me went still twelbe peomen tall,
Which I did my twelbe Apostles call
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me, &c.
There was no Squire, nor Baron bold
ah woe is me, &c.
That rode by the way with silber and gold,
be warned, &c.
But I and my Apostles gay,
Would lighten their load ere they went away.
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me, &c.
This newes procur'd my kinsfolkes grieve,
ah woe is me, &c.
That hearing I was a famous thiefe,
be warned, &c.
They wept, they waild, they wzung their hands,
That thus I should hazard life and lands.
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me, &c.

They made me a Jailor a little before,
ah woe is me, &c.
To keepe in prison offenders soze,
be warned, &c.
But such a Jailor was never none,
I went and let them out every one.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.
I wis this sorrow soze grieved me,
ah woe is me, &c.
Such proper men shoud hanged be :
be warned young wantons, &c.
My Office then I did lesse,
And ran away for company.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.
Three yeres I libed upon the spoyle,
ah woe is me, &c.
Gibing many an Earle the soyle
be warned, &c.
Yet never did I kill man nor wile,
Though lewdly long I led my life.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.
But all too bad my deets have bene,
ah woe is me, &c.
Offending my Country and my good Quene :
be warned, &c.
All men in Yorkshire talke of me,
A stronger thiefe there could not be.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.
Upon S. Lukes day was I bozne,
ah woe is me, &c.
Whom want of grace hath made me sozne :
be warned, &c.
In honour of my birth day then,
I rob'd (in brabery) ninetye men.
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive, O sweet Saviour, my spirit unto thee.

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ah woe is me, woe is me for my great folly :
Fast fettered in irons in place where I lie :
be warned young wantons hemy passeth græen Woly.
My parents were of good degree,
By whom I would not ruled be,
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive O sweet Saviour, my spirit unto thee.
My name is Hutton, yea Luke, of bad life :
ah woe is me, &c.
Which on the high-way did rob span and wile,
be warned, &c.
Intic'd by many a gracelesse mate,
Whose counsell I repent too late,
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me, &c.
Not twenty yeres old (alas) was I
ah woe is me, &c.
When I began this felony :
be warned &c.
With me went still twelbe peomen tall,
Which I did my twelbe Apostles call
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me, &c.
There was no Squire, nor Baron bold
ah woe is me, &c.
That rode by the way with silber and gold,
be warned, &c.
But I and my Apostles gay,
Would lighten their load ere they went away.
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me, &c.
This newes procur'd my kinsfolkes grieve,
ah woe is me, &c.
That hearing I was a famous thiefe,
be warned, &c.
They wept, they waile, they wzung their hands,
That thus I should hazard life and lands.
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me, &c.

They made me a Jaylor a little before,
ah woe is me, &c.
To keepe in prison offenders soze,
be warned, &c.
But such a Jaylor was never none,
I went and let them oute very one.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.
I wis this sorrow soze grieved me,
ah woe is me, &c.
Such proper men shoud hanged be :
be warned young wantons, &c.
My Office then I did lesse,
And ran away for company.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.
Wher pæres I libed upon the spoyle,
ah woe is me, &c.
Gibing many an Earle the soyle
be warned, &c.
Yet never did I kill man nor wile,
Though lewdly long I led my life.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.
But all too bad my deæds have beene,
ah woe is me, &c.
Offending my Country and my good Quene :
be warned, &c.
All men in Yorkshire talke of me,
A stronger thiefe there could not be.
Lord Jesus forgive me, &c.
Upon S. Lukes day was I bozne,
ah woe is me, &c.
Whom want of grace hath made me scorne :
be warned, &c.
In honour of my birth day then,
I rob'd (in brabery) ninefene men.
Lord Jesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
Receive, O sweet Saviour, my spirit unto thee.

The second part, To the same tune.



The Country weary to beare this wrong,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 With Hues and Cries pursued me long :
 he warned, &c.
 Though long I scap't, yet loe at the last,
 At London I was in New-gate cast.
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.
 Where I did lie with grieved minde,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 Although the keeper was gentle and kind,
 he warned, &c.
 Yet was he not so kind as I,
 To let me goe at liberty.
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.
 At last the Shrieve of Yorke-shire came,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 And in a warrant he had my name,
 he warned, &c.
 Quoth he, at Yorke thou must be ride,
 With me therefore hence must thou ride.
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.
 Like pangs of death his words did sound,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 My hands and armes full fast he bound,
 he warned, &c.
 Good sir quoth I, I had rather stay,
 I have no heart to ride that way.
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.

When no intreaty would prevaile,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 I called for Wine, Beere, and Ale,
 he warned, &c.
 And when my heart was in woefull case,
 I drunke to my friends with a smiling face.
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.
 With clubs and staves, I was guarded then,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 I never before had such waisting men :
 he warned, &c.
 If they had ridden before me amaine,
 Wethere w me if I had call'd them againe.
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.
 And when unto Yorke that I was come,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 Each one on me did cast his doome :
 he warned, &c.
 And whilst you live this sentence note,
 Evil men can never have good report.
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.
 Before the Judges when I was brought,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 But sure I had a carefull thought,
 he warned, &c.
 Nine score Inditements and seventene,
 Against me there were read and sene,
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.
 And each of those was felony found,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 Which did my heart with sorrow wound,
 he warned, &c.
 What should I herein longer stay ?
 For this I was condemn'd that day.
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.
 My death each houre I did attend,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 In prayers & in teares my time I did spend,
 he warned, &c.
 And all my loving friends that day,
 I did intreat for me to pray.
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.
 I have deserved death long since,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 A viler sinner lived not then I,
 he warned, &c.
 On friends I hoped life to save ;
 But I am fittest for the grave,
 Lord Iesus forgive me, &c.
 Adieu my loving friends each one,
 ah woe is me, &c.
 Thinke on me Lords when I am gone,
 he warned, &c.
 When on the ladder you doe me tie.
 Thinke I am rather heaven than you.
 Lord Iesus forgive me, with mercy relieve me,
 Receive, O sweet Saviour, my spirit unto thee.
 FINIS. L. Hutton.
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